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## THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION OF 1789.

It is a strange thing to call up the appearance of an old city, to think, amid the ruins of the Colosseum of the imperial glory of the world's mistress; to picture to ours what London was in the golden days when the Roses fought, and "every knight was true as his sword, and every lady fair as the dawn;" and strange to walk the crowded Boulevards of Paris on some high holiday, and think of what wonderful changes have occurred since grim walls occupied their site and were named Boulevards.

The pencil of M. Saint Aubin has furnished some very interesting sketches of the aspect which old Paris bore, and from one of his designs our engraving is taken. The picture is full of life and animation, and the utmost attention has been bestowed on the details of the drawing; so that the costume, the decorations, the employments, the houses, the trees, everything, from the rough garb of the water-carrier to the gorgeously bedizened figures, made glorious with hoop and stomacher, of my ladies proudly walking with the cocked-hat nobles, and looking as if the water-carrier, and the market-woman, and the carter, and the rest, were made of other clay than themselves—all indicate the spirit of the times.

they fear is a revolution in costume; and one of those titled beaux, brilliant in scarlet and gold lace, whispers to the belle upon his arm that the flood-gates of society are in danger, for M. — has actually come to court in shoe-strings instead of buckles!

If those gay groups are thinking at all of the murmurs of the people—murmurs very soft and far away, like the murmuring in a sea-shell—they take courage in referring to the days of old, and calling to mind the masterly statesmanship of Louis Quatorze. They think of him who said, "I am the State;" and when the ambassadors of foreign countries begged to know who was prime minister, said, "I am my own prime minister;" and thinking of him, and how he always hushed popular murmurs with the strong hand—made stronger by an iron glove—they take courage.

But the murmuring people look further back than the days of Louis XIV. They think of the good King Henry, and how the effort of that prince's life was the good of his subjects, and the wish of his heart that every peasant might have a fowl in the pot on Sundays; and if ever comparisons were odious, they are odious there. Henry IV. and Louis XIV! Recent events have set the



THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS IN 1789.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. ST. AUBIN.

There is something in the picture peculiar to those buckram days in the stiff, formal look of the scene, and still more so in the gay groups that throng the avenue and lounge at the tables. There they are, those butterfly flutterers, basking in the sunshine of their high and privileged condition. They have no fear of the coming storm; they see no cloud, as a man's hand, to darken their horizon; they are forgetful that the flood of light upon them is that of a setting sun—blood-red. They have heard, perhaps, that the people are complaining; that the people—a many-headed monster—are crying aloud for bread—only bread; that poverty and utter destitution have set the people thinking about whether the things that are, are the things that should be; whether the right is all on the side of might; and whether it would not be possible to break down a few barriers that separate high and low, titled and untitled, and effect thereby a change for the better. They, who are flaunting in all their gaiety and splendour, whose cabs and carriages and quiet sedans have brought them hither, and are waiting for them now—they suspect no evil; they rest in perfect security. The only sort of revolution

people thinking of Liberty. They have heard the strain borne from the other side of the Atlantic, and are beginning to learn the tune. Though overawed by bayonets, they dare not sing it loudly—as yet.

But things are ripe for a change. The sun will soon be set, and the red glow of its declining glory pass away; then night will come—black night, and with it nightmare-horrors. The murmuring in the sea-shell is growing louder and louder, and will soon swell into a roar, a shout of angry defiance and long pent-up fury, which shall echo from every side of Paris, be heard all over Europe, and plunge the world in war.

Sport away, Messieurs, while the day endures, display your peacock plumes, and feast and rejoice while the light lasts—night is coming!

Previously to the Revolution, the Promenade of the Boulevards exhibited the clear distinction of rank, and the better and commoner sort of people—the delf and the porcelain—walked on different parts of the road. After the Revolution things were changed, and my lord's broadcloth brushed the blouse of the mechanic.